

steps; and, as if he were fearful that some other idea would drive all image of his child from his mind, he continued repeating, in a loud voice, "A blessing for my child, a blessing for my child." Again he passed the door, and as he caught the faint glimmer of the light in the room where Catharine had so lately knelt to him in vain, he wrung his hands in all the impotence of madness and despair. The perspiration rolled in large drops from his brow, his knees trembled as if unable to bear his weight, his brain seemed on fire. Suddenly a thought flashed across his mind: "Wolf!" he cried, "Wolf, come hither." The sagacious dog came bounding towards his master, gazed earnestly at his agitated countenance, and then with a loud howl he ran out of the apartment, and up the long staircase which communicated with the upper story of the palace. He hastily traversed several large and magnificent rooms, and never stopped till he reached a small iron balcony where the king was wont to sit of an evening counting the lights in the city, and listening, with evident pleasure, to the "Good night and God bless you," of those of his subjects who still retained some affection for their betrayed and unfortunate monarch. Charles had instinctively followed the steps of his intelligent favorite, and as the night breeze blew the grey hairs from his temples, he covered his face with his hands and for an instant forgot his purpose. It was, indeed, a strange scene. The light of the torches gleamed upon the litter, the pages, the men at arms, all dressed in the deepest mourning; while on the steps of the palace, immediately beneath the iron balcony, stood the majestic form of Isabella of Bavaria, supporting the trembling, weeping Catharine; and they too, like the English retinue, were clad in sables. Above them stood the maniac king, his long grey locks floating on the wind, and his pale and emaciated features looking still paler, still more careworn, by the vacillating light of the moon. There he stood, gazing vacantly around him, utterly unconscious that the child so deeply loved, so fondly cherished, was leaving the land of her ancestors for ever. Just as her litter was put in motion, Catharine gave one sad despairing look to the home of her early happy childhood, and as she did so, she encountered the wandering, searching glance of her father. For one moment the light of reason beamed again as in days of yore, and stretching his clasped hands towards his daughter, he uttered, in tones which, though low and faltering, sank deep into the mourner's heart, "God bless thee, my own, my loved one. The God of mercy bless thee."

The men at arms closed round the litter, and soon their measured tramp, the ringing of their swords and bridles, and even the light of the torches, were lost in the distance. Charles VI. stood motionless, with his eyes fixed on the spot where last he had seen his child. Perhaps the memory of early days was rushing across his mind; the four first brilliant years of his reign, succeeded by thirty years of madness, wretchedness, and despair. Tears were streaming down his furrowed cheeks. Perchance they fell as he thought of the engaging childhood, the blooming, budding girlhood of the pale and mourning princess, dragged from the home of her affections, to spend in a cold and stranger land, an exile's life of misery and tears. Perchance they fell as he thought of the dreadful scenes which had passed in that fair city, now wrapped in slumbering security; of the two horrid murders in the Rue Barbette; the treason of Perinet; the massacre of the Armagnacs; and saddest of all, at the remembrance of the haughty English conqueror, the hereditary enemy of France, seated upon the throne of the Valois.

The damp breeze from off the water at last recalled him from his dream of other

days. He left the balcony as if reluctantly; and, retracing his steps, he soon found himself in the gallery, which in the course of our story we have already mentioned more than once. He was chilled with cold, and his voice trembled as he called for some of his attendants. But they, apt imitators of their superiors, cared little for a king who was treated with the most barbarous neglect even by his own wife. "It is a pity," murmured the poor shivering monarch, "it is a great pity that a King of France should perish with cold. Is there not one, of all those who have eaten of my bread, to save me this night from a dreadful death?" He drew near the large fire-place, in which a few ashes still emitted a slight degree of heat; he stretched out his cold and trembling fingers, and vainly endeavored to restore their circulation. The black greyhound was lying directly across the fire-place. "Wolf," said his master, "make way for me if you love me, for I am freezing to death. Wolf, dear Wolf! see how I tremble; will you let your kind old master die?" The dog was asleep, and heeded not the voice of his wretched and neglected protector.

Charles VI. slept with his fathers, and his gentle daughter became the bride of Owen Tudor.

## THE POLYNESIAN.

Vita sine virtute atque eruditione nullius pretii est.

SATURDAY, AUG. 22, 1840.

GLEANINGS FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.—HAWAII, No. 5.

Monday morning, at 7 o'clock, we gazed our farewell to Pele's domains, and amid a smart shower started for Hilo. The path was to the E. N. E., a good road and through, or rather mostly skirting a very pretty forest, with a greater depth of soil, than we had previously met with. The descent was so gradual as to be hardly perceptible, and after a brisk walk of eleven miles, we came in sight of the smoke and flames arising from the new streams of lava. They were about twelve miles east of us. At noon we arrived at Olua, a neat little hamlet upon the border of the wood, with considerable cultivation about it. The population ran out to greet us, proffering every hospitality, and urging us to pass the night, at the headman's house, where we had stopped. Being anxious to arrive at Hilo, we declined this invitation, but consented to the application of the *lomi-lomi*,—and soon were stretched out upon the mats, with a dozen little urchins, zealously fisting, pinching, squeezing and kneading our travel-worn limbs. Here let me whisper in the ear of any traveler, who may find himself at the end of a day's journey, with stiff and wearied nether members, to select a couple of youngsters with *very sharp elbows*, with which, for the consideration of a jewsharp or so, they will most effectually furrow his outer man, while he is replenishing the inner. I speak feelingly—it is the very acme of a pedestrian's happiness, and it had such a wonderful effect upon us, that after a short debate, it was unanimously moved and carried that we should pass the night here, provided the necessities for a feast could be obtained. At this the eyes of the natives sparkled with delight, and so did ours at the list of eatables which they were ready to provide instantly. But we were too old campaigners not to inquire the price of all this kindness, especially as some suspicions that all this zeal was not pure disinterestedness began to arise. I will not record the answer of our host, for fear of being charged with a conspiracy to destroy his credit as keeper of the "half-way house;" but it caused the lame to jump, and the bellies of the hungry to be filled, not just been luxuriating, but brimful of wrath

minus the cabbage. Two hours had been spent here, and after giving our Boniface some valuable advice in regard to his charges, should any others ever be so unfortunate as to partake of his hospitality, we left. The dudgeon which filled our indignant selves, was as good as so much high-pressure steam, and carried us along with rather more speed than we should have been able to accomplish had we been filled with any thing more substantial.

The path led to the north, with the ocean in sight, and the country more open. At night we saw a neat but small house at a short distance, and proposed stopping there: but our natives said there was a large one, where plenty of provisions could be obtained, a short distance farther on. It was quite dark when we arrived, and their description was true to life. It was nearly if not quite as large as "all out doors," the distinction between the interior and exterior not being remarkably well defined, and for provisions, there were abundance of pigs, dogs and poultry on terms of very great familiarity with their owners. It was as filthy a hovel, and its inmates, amounting to twenty or so, nearly naked natives, the shabbiest I had ever seen. However, it being too late to retrace our steps, we begged a mat, and fatigue (having walked twenty-five miles) soon wrapt us in a slumber which neither the furious attacks of fleas or swinish noises around us could break. In the morning we learnt that our honest guides had slept at the former house, where they had been feasted with the fat of the land, after having had the cool impudence to recommend our pushing on to the next. Our lodging place was on the outskirts of a dense forest, four miles in width, through which a road made of the trunks of ferns, after the corduroy fashion, led. A three mile's farther walk brought us to Hilo village, where (to use the tautology of most travelers) we were most hospitably received and entertained by the missionaries and an old friend settled there; that is, so soon as we could be identified. No easy job, through the grime of such a jaunt, much of the time in rain and mud, and with a fortnight's unshaven chin.

Hilo merits all that has been said in praise of its beauty and situation. The bay faces the north, and on two sides is lined by a fine sand beach, prettily bordered by cocoa nut, bread fruit, and other trees. The coast swells gradually inland, at times presenting hills of considerable magnitude, three of which, a mile from the shore, are particular objects of attraction. They are ancient craters, very uniform and regular, in size and shape, truncated, and covered with a fine green sward. The view from the sea is more beautifully picturesque than sublime. Of a clear day, the snowy peaks of Mauna Kea, with its brown sides are to be seen rising abruptly from the plain, while in the background the dome of Mauna Loa, and the smoke of Kilauea, are distinctly visible. All the back country is well wooded and watered, while towards the sea, houses and gardens, trees and small streams, dell and grove are grouped in pleasing confusion. The soil is luxuriantly verdant, and its depth and richness favorable to all tropical productions. The bay forms an excellent harbor, protected from the surf by a reef and bar, which makes nearly across, and it has good holding ground. Ships can lay close in, without danger, and with proper encouragement from government Hilo might become a rich and populous district. The best of water is obtained with the greatest facility at the Wailuku, or river of destruction, a romantic stream which empties itself into the bay near the anchorage, and derives its name from the number of persons who have perished in its rapids. A short distance from its mouth, there is a fine cataract tumbling over a precipice sixty feet in height, into a deep and craggy ba-

sin beneath, which was formerly the interior of a crater, through the rent side of which the stream now forces its way. It is called the "Cascade of the Rainbow."

The population of the district of Hilo is nearly eight thousand. A store has been recently established at the village, much to the benefit of the natives, in affording them a market for their produce, and foreign goods in return. A spirit of enterprise is developing, which no doubt will soon make this place the garden of Hawaii, but it is here as elsewhere through the influence of foreigners, that a better day appears to be dawning upon these islands. This year the exports from Hilo, Mr. P. informed me, would amount to two hundred thousand shingles, a considerable quantity of Koa lumber, forty or fifty tons of sugar, and if called for one hundred and fifty tons of arrow root. Seven miles inland, there is a saw mill, which, when water is abundant, can saw from six to eight hundred feet boards per day. Two sugar mills, by water power, and capable of grinding from four hundred to six hundred pounds each per day, have been recently established, and are expected to turn out two hundred tons of sugar the ensuing year. That which has been made the past year, at the Chinaman's mills, has a disagreeable flavor, and lacks grain.

The climate of Hilo is particularly favorable to agricultural operations. Regular land and sea breezes prevail, which give a very delightful temperature, tempering the noon-day heat and rendering the nights cool and bracing. It has formerly been considered as obnoxious to continual rains, but the residents state that within the last four years a great change has taken place in that respect, and that now much less falls; indeed, no more than is necessary to preserve its fruitfulness. Orange trees do not thrive well, but the mango, chirimoya, fig, strawberry, and many other fruits grow thrifflily. Corn, mulberry, and sugar cane do excellently well, but the plant which seems to thrive the best, and is destined to become the principal export is the coffee. The expense of raising it is trifling compared with silk or sugar. It grows most luxuriantly, and the branches of the trees then in fruit, were bent to the earth by its weight. Mr. P. states that his mature trees have produced ten pounds apiece, which is an enormous product compared with most coffee countries. In Brazil and the West Indies, three to four pounds to the tree is considered as a great crop. There are now two plantations of the berry, containing 5000 trees three years of age, which commence bearing a little the present year. These are planted in rows, shaded by banana plants, and are at present from three to four feet high. The strong trade winds, which almost every where else on the islands operates as a serious impediment to the growth of plants, is here neutralized by the land breezes, and the neighboring mountains. A pleasant wine has been made from the wild raspberries.

The mission houses, three in number, are pleasantly situated near each other, a quarter of a mile from the beach. That built by Mr. Goodrich is of two stories, painted red, and an exact model of one of our Yankee farm houses in New England. Indeed, it looked as if it had been transplanted to its present situation, from the country of frost and snow, and forms quite a singular object, half-hid by the deep foliage of the oriental lilach, mango, and bread fruit trees. Rev. Mr. Lyman has a boarding school of from fifty to sixty boys, the brightest of whom are sent annually to the high school at Maui. They partly support themselves by their labor, all are neatly clothed, and their whole appearance reflects great credit upon their instructors. They are lodged in a large thatched two story building. The lower part is the school room, and the upper is divided by mat partitions into numerous cham-